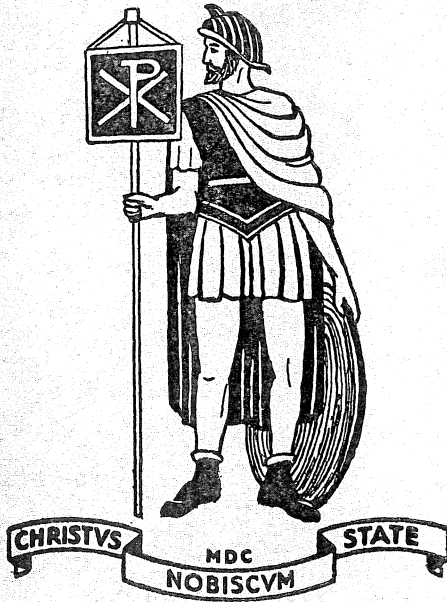


The

# Alcester Grammar



# School Record

April, 1949

# “THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN”



Davenport  
*Holifield*

Susan Haggett  
*Jean Finnemore*

Bruce Macrae  
*Steveni*

Gweny  
*Mary Williams*

Photo : LASHBROOK

Mrs. Haggett  
*Vera Sachs*

Tallant  
*Dalrymple*

Ada Haggett  
*Ann Perkins*

Dr. Haggett  
*Crawford*

Rosen  
*Perryman*

# Alcester Grammar School Record.

No. 92.

April, 1949.

EDITOR—MR. V. V. DRULLER.

COMMITTEE—

Josephine Findon, Dorothy Rose, Mary Burrows, Jennifer Birch,  
Eileen Lawrence, Prestidge, Holifield, Finnemore.

## THE OLD SCHOLARS' GUILD

Hon. Secretary,  
J. M. Stewart.

President,  
J. S. C. Wright.

Hon Treasurer,  
Mrs. M. Feast.

The Guild begins the year 1949 with its finances in a fairly sound state, and with rosy prospects for the future. This happy position is largely due to the efforts of P. E. Wheeler, and Old Scholars will be sorry to learn that, through pressure of other work, he feels he must give up his secretaryship. At the end of the war, it was he who got things moving for the re-formation of the Guild, and rebuilt it to the record strength at which it stands to-day. We can best show our appreciation of his work by continuing it, and striving always for a bigger and better Guild. Thank you, Pat.

## THE WINTER REUNION—December 18th, 1948.

The School was prepared for the Reunion in the way which has proved so successful in past years: the Hall was well decorated for dancing, and the old dining-room was again used as a lounge. The supper, prepared by Mrs. Rutter and her staff, was laid out in the Canteen, which was just about big enough to hold the large gathering of members. If numbers increase at the present rate, which is to be hoped, the Committee will have to consider taking steps to avoid overcrowding. Even the Hall, which seemed so big to small third-formers, cannot comfortably hold all those wishing to dance. It was a sign, however, that the music of the Alauna Band was appreciated, to find it so full. As usual, a few hilarious, if exhausting, games were conducted by the President, who also acted as M.C. for the dancing.

At the business meeting following supper, the chief item was the election of officers and committee. The President paid a tribute to P. Wheeler, who said that he did not seek re-election to the secretaryship or committee. The following elections were made: President, J. S. C. Wright; Secretary, J. M. Stewart; Treasurer, Mrs. M. Feast. Committee: *Alcester* — Mrs. I. Broadley, N. Smart, R. Mason, G. P. Baylis, F. Rook, S. Walker; *Studley* — E. G. Baseley, A. Smith; *Bidford* — M. Slaughter, R. Hunt; *Stratford* — Mrs. M. Welch, R. French; *Great Alne* — J. Mahoney; *Astwood Bank* — J. Yeomans.

**DANCE**

The Guild Dance will be held on Easter Tuesday, April 19th, at Alcester Town Hall. Tickets, 7/6 each, may be obtained from committee members, and each Old Scholar may bring a friend. Music will be provided by Billy Webb and his Orchestra.

**HOCKEY**

As the boys now play Hockey in the Spring Term, the Guild has been invited to get a team together for a game, to replace the usual football match. If the result should arouse the derision of hockey-playing male Old Scholars, they are asked to appreciate that it is hard to find players, and to send in their names for next year.

**OLD SCHOOL TIES**

Several inquiries have been made for ties, and, as the regulations have been eased, it may be possible to obtain a stock of them, and maybe squares too, on the pre-war pattern, if the demand is sufficient.

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**SCHOOL REGISTER**
**VALETTÉ**

\*Dipple, D. W. (VI.), 1943-48.

\*Jones, B. (VI.), 1943-48.

\*Steveni, M. W. (VI.), 1942-48.

\*Kerby, J. (Upp. Va.), 1942-48.

\*Goulbourne, S. M. (Upp. Vb.), 1941-48.

Bladon, R. M. (Low. Va.), 1945-48.

Duckett, C. P. (Low Va.), 1945-48.

Jones, D. (Low Va.), 1945-48.

Warmington, M. J. (Low Va.), 1945-48.

Weaver, K. A. (Low Va.), 1941-48.

Wilks, J. M. (Low Va.), 1945-48.

Beachus D. C. (Low Vb.), 1946-48.

Cox, J. M. (Low Vb.), 1945-48.

Fletcher, B. V. A. (Low Vb.), 1945-48.

Hunt, W. R. (Low Vb.), 1945-48.

Keats, G. D. (IIIa.), 1947-48.

\*Prefect.

There have been 310 pupils in attendance this term.

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**MARRIAGES**

On January 28th, in London, John Arthur Causer to Isobel Tombs (scholar, 1932-35).

On February 26th, at Binton, Richard Macdonald Midlane (scholar, 1931-39) to Margery Gladwin.

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**OLD SCHOLARS' NEWS**

Pamela Cresswell passed her final examination for S.R.N. last year. She is now a Sister in the Children's Hospital, Cheltenham.

Sidney Ison is this year's Low Bailiff of Alcester.

Joyce Plesters has recently been assisting in the cleaning and restoration of pictures in the National Gallery.

D. E. G. Hill has joined the R.E.M.E.

Last year, John R. Sanders, who is at present serving with the R.A.F. in the Canal Zone, spent a leave in Cyprus, an island by which he was very favourably impressed. He writes enthusiastically of the beauty of its mountains and forests, as well as of its buildings, and was especially thrilled by the view from Mount Olympus.

W. McCarthy, also in the Canal Zone, writes: "That night I watched a scene I shall never forget. From the Basuto troops there began to come a muffled beating and throbbing, which, on becoming louder, resolved itself into the throb of genuine tom-toms—a sound unlike any I have ever heard—played, or rather beaten, in a monotonous but exciting rhythm. Suddenly the Basuto dancers advanced into the space before the spectators. They came in three files led by a chief and accompanied by a witch doctor. They did not walk or run, creep, crawl, or use any other recognised form of movement. They advanced with a deadly, irresistible regularity to the accompaniment of their drums. They came in silence in a bending, crouching attitude, lifting their feet clear of the ground with each beat. Most of them were dressed in red skirts of just below knee length, and full, like kilts. They wore a white sash, a fluffy white head-dress, wristbands and anklets, while some carried sticks on which was the same fluffy material. Their leader wore blue with a red sash, and he conducted the procedure of the dance with a peculiar whistle, which he used to indicate the different movements. The witch doctor, with various trinkets about him, wore a red sash over his shoulder, and white fluffy garters too, while on his head was a thing like a beret with feathers in one side. He was an extremely good dancer, and always danced separately. The dance continued through two stages, with hand-clapping, spear-shaking, feet-slapping, and so on. The natives themselves became very excited as they approached the climax of the dance, and their faces and backs shone and glistened with sweat, while their eyes rolled and their feet stamped to the rhythmic beat of the drums. Their agility and rhythm were truly remarkable."

Violet Finnemore has been seriously ill, but we are glad to learn that she is now making a good recovery.

D. Yapp had the misfortune to break a leg while playing football early in February.

Pamela Feast has now been at the Shropshire College of Domestic Science for just over a year, and has obtained her N.C.D.S. (National Council of Domestic Studies) Diploma.

David Moizer is now with the R.E. in Kenya, at the bush end of the famous Mackinnon Road pipe line. He is in command of a section of British and Sudanese on the Tsavo River. It is big-game country, and he writes of elephants, lions, crocodiles and rhinos.

Audrey Peel has passed the final examination for S.R.N.

**CANDID COMMENTS FROM THE "CHRIS BEAN" CAST**

There seems little purpose in reading chapter and verse on the story of the play; the characters are in full view elsewhere in this issue; the local Press very kindly gave us a detailed criticism, and so we thought you might be interested to hear the impressions of those most concerned with the production of this, our recent effort, at a school play for public performance "off the premises."

"D" day was Thursday, December 9th, and, should we survive, there were two more shows on the Friday and Saturday (December 10th and 11th), for which the unsuspecting parents had paid hard cash to watch our performances. This thought alone was somewhat paralyzing!

The hectic days which preceded that first show! The borrowings from all who were so unwise as to cross our path—and may we say how grateful we are to all who did contribute to our properties, from collar studs and bow ties to suits of clothing and pieces of furniture; the orderings and paintings, the cartings and curtainings, to say nothing of the butterflies-in-the-stomach which descended on us all; none of it bears examining in detail.

Then the nights themselves. Visitors will remember the show in general, but what of the cast? Theirs is a much more detailed impression of incidents which suddenly assumed gigantic proportions. For example, a knot-hole in a wall. Just a trivial flaw, we agree, but it happened to be the dividing wall of the boys' and girls' dressing rooms!

Knot-holes in the roof were also a problem, for they did not provide adequate protection from the weather. Our producer's most vivid memory is of welcoming the audience on the Saturday night with large and cold drops of rain landing "plop" on the back of her neck. Not a happy moment! It was quite possible to deal with the situation overnight, but one could hardly present the play leaving the actors to circumnavigate tin baths placed at strategic points on the stage!

Never was the cast as a whole so terrified as when watching Dr. Haggett's moustache waggle perilously on about three hairs—what Crawford had to say is not really printable. Never was one individual so disgusted as Steveni with his lipstick — though he swears triumphantly he could see traces of it on Susan! He complains of the "morbid curiosity" taken in his performance, not because his acting was brilliant, but because he had moments when he was behaving as never before—except very furtively on the last day of the "Christmas term"—i.e. the mistletoe bits.

We don't wish to cast any aspersions upon the good work done by Mr. Hadwen, but none of the "Haggett household" will ever forget the end of Act II. the night the curtains stuck. They had been threatened with "death and destruction" if they even smiled at this vital juncture, and those few moments seemed eternal, before the curtains finally moved.

Dalrymple's most vivid memory was of the wrath brought down upon his head by an ill-timed hair-cut, which made him look a semi-convict in the glare of the footlights. To remedy the eye-sore black grease-paint was applied, and to him it still remains an "inky black concoction" and a "sable-brew."

The acting honours descended swiftly upon one Davenport—no relation of Dudley—who received the following telegram on the Friday: "Congratulations on performance. My agent contacting you with important film offer.—Samuel Goldwyn." Now who can have been responsible for this? Certainly the agent has been lost in transit.

Now what else is there? Oh, yes, Crawford's agonising moment when he discovered his porridge was flavoured with salt and not sugar, and was nearly sick on the spot. It was his own fault; the property manager had been led to believe he liked it cooked so. What an enormous task she had! Not one article did she misplace. Her work started long before the show, when she bottled our "soup" in thermos flasks and generally attempted to cope with "temperamental and delicate" actors, who blench or giggle at the sight of a drowning fly.

Her most anxious moment, however, did not concern the properties. She describes as "an unexpected extra" the rendering of first aid to Ada, but comments: "We did manage to keep her in a vertical position when she was needed on the stage!" Here may the producer say a personal thank you to Ada for fainting at a very convenient moment. She made a very plucky recovery, and her tears of hysteria were taken as part of the show. The only other person who *wanted* to sink through the floor was Gwenny, when her wedding ring refused to be fished up on its ribbon, look you!

Query corner asks (a): Where is the bow-tie we expected to see in Redditch? Answer—back with its creator.

(b): How did that bouquet evade the eagle eye of our producer until the very moment of presentation? That "shook" her!

Finally, may we thank all those who in any way helped to make this school play possible? It cannot be attempted without the continual support of all the back-stage "hands," the "box-office" schemers, the ice-cream sellers — who, incidentally, testify that our audiences really did enjoy the show; the seat arrangers and the gramophone operator; all of whom are indispensable in these less glamorous capacities. A word here about the prompter. Sallis did a really fine job of work. Although he was much maligned for acting according to instructions and bawling the cues on the Thursday night, the result was that he so successfully annoyed the cast by his efficiency that on the Saturday he was hardly needed!

So, once again, thank you, everybody.

ANN PERKINS (Secy.).

## " THE GRIFF "

One morning, perhaps in the warm scents of summer or the cold, glittering frosts of winter, a letter will come to you—a short, matter of fact letter, bearing the legend "O.H.M.S."—a letter which every youth of modern Britain expects and awaits with mixed feelings. Some weeks later will find the receiver reporting before a board of doctors to be thoroughly examined and medically graded. More time will elapse, perhaps months, and you will receive another letter, which will order you in terse phrases to report to a certain military training establishment on a certain date. In such a way you will be called up for National Service.

Two crowded weeks of farewells, good wishes, regrets, in which you will suddenly realise part of what it means to leave home and friends, will follow, and, before you know it, time will have whisked you away and the great adventure will have begun.

Your first Army Centre will appear bleak, inhospitable and foreboding at first sight, but will quickly become your second home. Two more weeks of long days will follow in which you will be documented, receive your kit, hear lectures on pay, health, the "life," etc., and be vaccinated and immunised not more than three times.

You will be marched everywhere to a strict time-table, be disgusted with your food, shocked with many of your companions' morals, lose most of your dignity, and become quite nervous.

You will be interviewed and asked what you wish to do, tested on your mechanical and intellectual abilities, and given lots of drill and P.T. Finally you will be posted to a corps training centre, which is chosen on your abilities and potentialities.

Your corps training unit will again subject you to rigorous training, at which spit and polish will enforce its true meaning upon you. At last you will be passed out and subsequently join a normal unit.

Intensive and strict though it will be, your training, if you take it in a true spirit, will teach you many useful things. You will become used to an ordered time table, learn to value your spare time and use it to advantage. One cannot tell you all of what to expect, but a few hints are never out of place, and you will eventually realise the truth of them. Firstly, try to do as well as possible, and throw all you can into the life, cultivate self-reliance and punctuality, and never put anything off till to-morrow. Second, and perhaps most important, do not worry unduly over anything, and above all learn to "muck in" and share all fortunes with your fellows; you will thus find life unbelievably full and happy.

What Corps shall I go in? It is best to ask as many people as possible about it—your headmaster, any ex-soldiers, especially officers. A rough guide would be : — Maths. and Physics, R.E. and R.E.M.E.; Chemistry, R.A.O.C. and R.A.M.C.; Geography and Survey, R.A. and R.E.; Clerical, Pay Corps and any Regt. Do NOT let the Selection Officer put you off. Write on paper what you intend to ask him about, and be as bold as you can.



Such is the business side. On the social side you will always have available the N.A.A.F.I., where you can buy all immediate needs, cinemas, libraries, education facilities, and, in England, usually beautiful countryside and things of local interest.

One last warning — *always carry a pay book*. Then, never fear; meet life squarely, and I wish you the best of luck, quick promotion, and a happy time.

GUNNER.

### THE TOURIST'S GUIDE TO THE AMERICAS

Subject to the repeated requests of the vast population of Cuba, Sugar and Castor, the only travel-agency of its kind extant, has decided to print a guide to the Americas as a weekly cereal on the reverse side of match-boxes.

Prices : Bound, threepence; unbound, twopence.

#### PART ONE : NORTH AMERICA.

Our crowded ship leaves the oil-bearing island of Curaçao with a terrific blast of the siren—Marie Antoinette was wrong when she said that empty vassals make the most sound — and we pass through that unique — or should we say “rum”? — atmosphere of the West Indies, hoping, and yet not hoping, to hit the mainland on the bulge of Yucatan. Here we abandon our mere steamer for a Cataliner, and float leisurely in our ship of the air over that swell of a mountain, Popacatapetal, on our way to Mexico City. After a meal of gelid eels—so cooling and succulent in this hot climate — we reboard our rolling plain, which is buffeted by air-currants, and are carried over the Golf of Mexico to putt in at Miami; here, it may be observed, complexions become Florida. We gaze in wonder at the seething mass of the world-famous Palm Beech, not to be confused with the palm-olive, which only grows in Africa, before continuing over the fruit-growing area of the Appleachians to New York, where we manage to have a wash in town. Much refreshed, we journey north and visit Noya Scotia — the home of Scoti-dogs—and from there we travel by C.P.R. to the East Coast. Our route lies via Taranto and the great cattle-centre of Buffalo, and, while we engage in a game of poker, we traverse the Grate Lakes, pass over Winnipig and arrive at Settle — famous for years as the birth-place of modern furniture construction. From there we flit in a Tiger Moth to Salt Cake City, founded in the Nineteenth Century by a religious sector called the Hormones. As these people are abstainers, we have to return to the coast to quench our thirst—to San Francisco. We are unable to enter by the Golden Gate, however, because it was melted down in 1941 to be invested in war savings. Everyone snatches a few hours' sleep here before resuming the flight to that heaven on earth, the City of Lost Angels, en route for the West Indian island of Hispaniola—the birth-place, we are told, of the mighty Stevenson; although it must be recorded that, to our great disappointment, we see no sign of his famous Rocket. Then, as the golden sun sinks slowly into the West, we reluctantly return to Curaçao and to supper.

A. J. DALRYMPLE (VI.).

**I.T.G.A.**

When I entered the torture chamber I was greeted by the screams and horrified yells of my companions.

Some were suspended on ropes, swinging about or dropping to the floor and emitting terrified yells, their places being taken by other victims. Others were hanging upside down on ropes, or swarming desperately up them, endeavouring to escape from the clutches of their torturers.

Some poor wretches were clinging with desperation to bars placed high on the walls. Others of our number were running away from their relentless pursuers and falling over others of our comrades who were lying shrieking on the floor.

While these things were happening a few were fighting desperately or writhing in agony on the floor, trying to escape the clutches of their vicious foes.

The door opened and the remainder of our company slunk in with sullen faces, being driven in by the orders of the mighty. The Mighty One entered, all became silent, and the gym. lesson commenced.

MARY BURROWS (Upp. V.A.).

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**CINEMA INTERLUDE**

Last half-term my Grandmother said that she would take my brother and me to the pictures; so we set out.

Arriving safely in Redditch, we toured Woolworths. We each bought something, Granny carefully packing two brown paper parcels into her bag, and then we went to the pictures.

Half-way through the show Granny said, "Would you like a biscuit? I bought some in Woolworths," and handed me a paper bag, which I politely handed to my brother.

I waited patiently for the bag to be returned, but it did not come. I glanced at my brother; he seemed to be having some difficulty in obtaining a biscuit.

At last he brought something out of the bag, and, even in the dim light, it was the most extraordinary biscuit I had ever seen. It was like a small ball with a tail.

I made some exclamation, which drew Granny's attention. "Oh, dear," she said, "I must have given you the bag with the bulbs in it."

Needless to say, this incident amused us far more than the picture, although it was supposed to be a very amusing one.

JILL KEMPSTER (Low. V.A.).

## A DIFFICULT PROBLEM

(Written for an Exam.).

The most difficult problem now is to write something in this essay which will make sense and not take long, for there is only a quarter of an hour to go.

We had to choose between writing essays on :—

- (a) *Cast-off Clothing.*
- (b) *Elderly Relatives.*
- (c) *A Difficult Problem.*
- (d) *Pocket-money.*

(a) I don't know anything about what happens to my cast-off clothing, so NO to that.

(b) Elderly relatives are always fussing around you. I can't write anything else about them. NO to that.

(c) "A Difficult Problem." That's what I am in now. I might write about that.

(d) "Pocket-money." There is not enough of it in the world, but I can't say any more on the subject. NO to that.

There were (a), (b) and (d) which I did not want to write about; so there was only (c) left.

This is (c) now, and I'm still trying to do it. As I said before, time is running out, and what with doing twelve questions (two pages) in Section A, and being on my third page in Section B, there is not much time left for thinking essays out.

Ah! There goes the bell, so I must finish now.

R. M. BOLT (Low. IV.A.).

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## MENDING FATHER'S SHIRT

One day my Mother was very busy, and I asked her if I could help, and she said I could mend Father's shirt. So she gave me the shirt, and a very old one to cut up to get a piece out to patch with. I got all the things I needed, a needle and cotton, a thimble and a pair of scissors. I sat down by the fire and started to work, but at first I did not get on very well because the needle kept coming unthreaded.

After a long struggle for about half an hour I managed to finish the mending. I told Mother I had finished, and she said, "Leave it on the chair." After that I went out for a while, and, on my return, Mother greeted me with "You will make a good housewife." I asked her why, and, to my surprise, I learned that I had cut up the new shirt and mended the old one.

WENDY GRUMMETT (Low IV.B.).

**STRATFORD AND SHAKESPEARE**

It is very surprising how little most Stratfordians are really interested in Shakespeare. Some people are very enthusiastic about his plays, and go to see them regularly during the season, but very few Stratfordians take any interest in Shakespeare as a character.

Yet people come from all over the world to see the theatre and to learn more of Shakespeare. No visit to England is considered complete without at least a glimpse of Stratford-on-Avon. Americans come simply bursting with enthusiasm, and, if they have been lucky enough to get tickets, they rush off again to the theatre. The next day they are about early, and, in their violent thirst for knowledge, they demand to know the way to New Place Museum, Ann Hathaway's Cottage, Shakespeare's birthplace, etc., and when they eventually return to their various abodes they are laden with souvenirs and postcards of every description.

Over their meals they discuss wild theories fiercely—for example, "Do you know I have heard that Edward VI. did not die but became Francis Bacon, and he is really the author of all Shakespeare's plays?" After hearing some of these theories one begins to think that Shakespeare must really have been an out-and-out cad.

Eventually the visitors leave simply exuding knowledge of Shakespeare from every pore, and wondering at the density of the average Stratfordian. For if they asked a passerby the way to Mary Arden's Cottage, or when Shakespeare's birthplace was built, or when Shakespeare lived in Stratford and when he didn't, or where he went courting, and all the other innumerable questions, they find that the Stratfordians never have a satisfactory answer, because they do not know.

Someone I know has lived in Stratford for sixteen years and has never seen a Shakespearean play. Many others (including myself) have never been near Ann Hathaway's Cottage or Shakespeare's birthplace, and, if asked, have not got the slightest clue as to when the various Trusts open and shut.

All this must seem very strange to a visitor, but they do not realise that living in a place is not the same as visiting it. The excitement of living in the town of the "Bard of Avon" palls, and one wonders why some people can be so silly as to waste so much money on "souvenirs." Nevertheless, a Stratfordian will not hear any disparaging remarks about the town's traditions, and will defend them heatedly against any outsider.

I know, however, that it is the same in any town which has any old traditions to speak of. The inhabitants may not take much interest in those traditions, but are always prepared to defend them.

VERA SACHS (VI.),

## ARTS AND CRAFTS, 1948.

The usual custom of showing the Arts and Crafts work on Sports Day was broken last year, and, instead, it was shown on Speech Day. Many of the girls devoted their general activity periods on Friday afternoon to needlework, and, as a result, there was quite a large show.

This time the work was arranged in sides, with the appropriate colours decorating each of the three sections.

Again there was a good show of art in the Art Room from our budding artists, and this time we had quite a selection of model theatres.

For yet another year the scarcity of materials prevented many of us from doing as much as we should have liked, but we hope that in the future things will begin to look up.

The following awards were made :—

The Edith Dean's Memorial Cup to Dorothy Rose.

*Silver Medals* — Dorothy Rose, Josephine Findon, Sylvia Goulbourne, B. Jones.

*Bronze Medals* — Janet Davies, Janet Holder, Mary Williams, Drusilla Mortimore, Gillian Winspear, Steveni.

The Arts and Crafts Shield was won by the Tomtits with 862 points; the Brownies were second with 832 points; the Jackals scored 780 points.

J. F.

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## OFF THE RATION

To-morrow! Oh for to-morrow! Sweets will be off the ration at last! Let us make a list of what we want to buy.

What are your favourite sweets? I think mine are Quality Street. I'll have a pound of those, and two or three Caley Trays. I'll take a pound of Liquorice All-sorts, and the same of Pontefract Cakes. (Do you like these? I do).

\* \* \* \* \*

To-day I will go across to the sweet-shop and get my sweets, I think.

"Good morning. Have you any Quality Street, please? You haven't sold out? Well, I'm not going to trust myself to ask for anything else. Here is the list of things I want. Haven't you any of them? What a pity! Thank you very much. Good morning."

Perhaps it was just as well the shop-keeper had not got anything that I wanted. You see, I found I had only sixpence in my purse, after all!

BARBARA DRULLER (Low. V.A.).

**WET PAINT!**

A friend of mine once told me that, while on holiday in Sweden, he happened to be waiting on a station platform for the next train to arrive, when he thought it a good idea to sit down and have a rest after a long journey.

He found a seat just behind him, which bore some notice or other, but as it was in Swedish my friend did not understand it, and promptly sat down. No sooner had he done so than a painter came up to him, speaking in Swedish, gesticulating furiously with his hands, and pointing to the seat. His meaning suddenly dawned on my friend, and he leaped out of the seat as though struck by a thunderbolt. He looked behind him to find rows of green stripes all the way down his back. As he had not another suit of clothes handy, the painter at once set to work with a very large drum of turpentine and a piece of rag to clean my friend's suit.

This was not the end of the story, for when his train arrived, he stepped in, and he smelt so much of turpentine that all the other passengers in the same compartment promptly took their luggage and went into the corridor, leaving my friend with a compartment to himself.

I somehow don't think my friend will sit on a seat again without giving it a thorough investigation to see if it bears any sign which means WET PAINT! even if it does mean that he can have a compartment all to himself.

J. G. PRITCHARD (Low. V.B.).

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**DIARY OF A WASP**

- 9.15. Awakened from interesting dream by loud clanging sound.
- 9.16. Discover it was bell ringing.
- 9.18. While viewing surroundings, dozens of children enter room.  
Buzz round. Confusion among pupils.
- 9.20. Flew out of window disgusted.
- 9.22. Flew into Upper IV.A. What a noise! Suddenly spotted  
by boy with register.
- 9.25. After hair's-breadth escape from boy who was not at all  
friendly, settle on radiator. Burn feet.
- 9.30. Recovered.
- 9.32. Flew to fifth form room. Girl worried about some School  
Certificate. Went to console her.
- 9.33. Very ungrateful. A-tish-u, she said. Received shower  
bath.
- 9.40. Sat in sun to dry.
- 10.2. Flew into Lower IV.B. singing class. Dreadful noise, so flew  
out again.

- 11.0. Flew into corridor. Discover it is break. Settle on piece of girl's cake. Shaken off without even a bite. Selfish creature.
- 11.6. Flew to III.A. Immediately attacked by a dozen boys with rulers. A fine example of British courage.
- 11.15. Flew into Gym. Settle on boy's bare arm. Sting him, as find he was boy with register.
- 11.35. Flew into Canteen. Had meal from jar of plum jam. Am knocked dizzy by blow from fly swatter.
- 12.15. Recover slowly. Suddenly hear huge crash. Discover window broken by ball kicked by large boy. Dangerous place this A.G.S.
- 1.5-2.30 Have doze on window-sill.
- 2.30. Flew into Geography Room. Listen to talk on longitude and latitude. Never heard of these places.
- 3.0. Flew to Cricket Field. Make boy drop catch. Awful mad.
- 3.35. Decide I do not care much for school life. Go home.

M. SHARPE (Upp. IV.A.).

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#### TO A RED BERET.

(With apologies to Shelley).

Hail to thee, red beret!  
Rare at first thou wert,  
But thou soon didst flourish  
Once the fashion caught,  
And bursting forth, like rosebuds in the Spring.  
In Autumn brightened up the look of everything.

At first a few small girls  
Wore berets on the 'bus;  
Others vowed to get them,  
Causing quite a fuss;  
Their brilliant scarlet took the boys aback,  
Such dazzling contrast to the old dull black.

Soon each girl had one, and  
Rakishly wore it. Though  
Twelve still wear black hats,  
Their prefect's rank to show.  
In future, then, these seniors, looking back,  
Can trace their rise to greatness, and to black.

C. J. E. KEMPSTER (VI.).

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#### A GHOSTLY STORY

Some years ago (about twenty to be precise), my mother was staying in the village of Welford-on-Avon. One dark night she had to go to the station at Binton to fetch a parcel. Before setting out, she was warned to keep a look-out for the local ghost, on a lonely stretch of ground by an osier bed. This was supposed to be an old woman with a tapping stick, who lured her victims into the osier bed, where they were drowned.

She duly set out and reached the osier bed, and, oh, horror! there was a tap, tap, behind her, as though someone was hurrying along. She paused for a moment to make sure; yes, it was still tapping and getting quite near. Nearly three hundred yards to the station—could she do it before the Ghost caught up with her? She took to her heels. She made several short pauses to see if the ghostly tap had gone; but no, it still continued, and was getting nearer. A last hasty sprint, and she fell spent and breathless into the arms of an amazed porter. But, to her horror, the tap, tap was coming too, nearer and nearer. Clinging tightly to the still mystified porter, she felt a bump at the back of her knees, and the “ghost” said “Baa.”

It was the pet lamb from the “Four Alls” Inn, who liked to take a walk to the station with all and sundry.

CATHLEEN ADAMS (Low. IV.B.).

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### TO MUSIC

I would ask my reader to imagine a cold, dreary, dank morning in mid-November, when the sun can only just be seen through thick, rolling banks of fog. The scene of course, is Alcester Grammar School; the time, a few minutes after eleven o'clock. If you will strain your eyes through the enveloping mist, towards the door of the boys' cloakroom, you may possibly see me emerge.

Striding purposefully forward and glancing around me, I accost the first third former whom I see, and, staring him fixedly between the eyes to hold his attention firmly, I ask him what the word “music” conveys to him. There follows a long pause, during which he stares at me as though he were facing a raving lunatic (undoubtedly he thinks he is), and then, at last, after what seems an eternity, his face is illuminated by impending inspiration.

“Surely,” he says, “music is the stuff those senior boys with long hair fiddle about with during General Activities.” His face expresses all too clearly that he considers they would be better occupied in some more active pastime, such as Scouting. I wilt visibly and am immediately conveyed by a sympathetic friend to the Sixth Form Room, where I spend the rest of the break in silent, morose meditation.

My young friend we must take only as an example, picked at random. He is, however, typical of the average schoolboy to whom music means very little. If and when he should consider the subject, music to him conveys either nothing at all or a feeling of displeasure. He remembers only too well those fruitless hours spent anchored to a piano practising those “rotten” music lessons. His time, he thinks, would have been spent far more profitably out in the fields with his friends. He would have been far better occupied, he argues, and consequently far healthier. To him, music in the form of playing the piano



or the violin, has no meaning, no beauty, and, above all, no purpose, apart from its all too apparent value, abhorrent to the young mind, of being a social grace.

Nevertheless, in spite of this innate dislike of music, augmented by the cruel treatment he considers himself to have received at its hands, music, albeit unconsciously, plays no small part in his life, as in fact it plays in all our lives, whether we acknowledge the fact or not. Surely nowhere in England is there a schoolboy, however young, whose heart is not stirred automatically by some traditional or national air. For a schoolboy, though it is not always realised, is far more emotionally patriotic than his elders, and is more easily moved by a patriotic tune. Similarly a tune which is associated with a hero-worshipped person or theme is never allowed to pass through a boy's mind without an appropriate acknowledgment. The "Devil's Gallop" is always greeted with a burst of ecstatic praise for the accomplishments of Dick Barton, and even a few bars of mid-Western melody will suffuse the young mind with visions of cowboys and rustlers. Music, then, as something to be appreciated and enjoyed, is an art non-existent to the young mind of the average schoolboy. It is, if anything, to be studiously avoided as the means of wasting valuable time, and whatever inadvertent use the schoolboy makes of music is merely supplementary to a predominating theme.

Now let us imagine the same scene only two and a half hours later. The fog has lifted, morning school is over, and the boys are once again pouring out through the cloakroom doors. As I make my way out my young friend of the Third Form appears at my side, glancing around him as if he does not wish to be overheard. "I have been thinking," he says, "about what you asked me. Music must be what people sing in their baths!" I walked on unabashed, for my meditations had hardened me to the musical appreciation of the Third Form; and, after all, people do sing in their baths.

J. HOLIFIELD (VI.).

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### THAT FOUNTAIN PEN

Oh, how useful it has been in the past! But, alas, its days in the pencil-box are nearly over. Soon it will be thrown into the dark, smelly depths of the dustbin. But it has served its purpose.

It is really rather wonderful how it has stood the strain of hurried scrawling continuously throughout a history lesson. It has had to work overtime during exams. trying not to use up all its ink inconveniently, interrupting its owner's train of thought.

It has been gnawed and bitten hundreds of times in moments of stress when its owner cannot think what to write next.

It has withstood numerous batterings and bumps from the other occupants of the pencil-box, as it has been vigorously jolted along in a satchel. Sometimes it has been spared this torture, and has been allowed to see something of the outside world from its place of honour in a blazer pocket, but even then it has probably been scratched and pinched by the sharp teeth of a comb.

And the things it has written. Complicated mathematical formulæ; many pages of notes on the Lord High Bishop of So and So; the daily deeds of its owner in a sacred little book known as a diary; it has shared numerous secrets in letters to a friend.

Its nib has been mercilessly scratched to pieces, and now it finally convinces its owner, by many stops, scratches and blobs, of the fact that the beloved fountain pen is at last worn out. Its place must be taken by a new one, able to withstand all these torments.

BARBARA HEIGHWAY (VI.).

### NOTES AND NEWS

The Spring term opened on Tuesday, January 11th, and closes on Tuesday, April 12th.

On Friday, November 12th, Squadron Leader Lyne gave to boys of the Sixth and Fifth a lecture on the R.A.F., illustrated by films.

On the same afternoon a talk on "Nursing as a Career" was given to the senior girls by Miss Peille, of the Nursing Recruitment Centre.

The sale of poppies for Earl Haig's Fund realised £4 19s. 9d.

**Barnardo Helpers' League.** — On Friday, November 19th, Miss Phillips, the Warden for this district, gave an interesting lantern lecture on various aspects of life in the Barnardo Homes. We were very pleased after this lecture to enrol twenty-one new members. Many more, of course, would be welcomed. The total number of members is now sixty-five, and their subscriptions and collections for 1948 raised £13 16s. 7½d. As a result of this, fifteen members were presented with a Special Service badge. The School Branch deserves to be congratulated on the grand total of £259 10s. 9½d. contributed up to date.

The School play presented in the Alcester Youth Hut on the evenings of December 9th, 10th and 11th resulted in £45 15s. 5d. being added to the School Fund.

Last term ended with a Carol concert in the Canteen dining-room. A collection at the end produced £4 3s. 3d. for Waifs and Strays.

The Speech Day gathering was held in the Alcester Picture House on Thursday, December 16th. The presentation of certificates was made by Lady Helen Seymour.

Mlle. Cheinu is assisting this term with the domestic science teaching.

At the beginning of this term the fiction library was transferred to Lower VA. form room (the old History room), and the history reference library was moved to shelves in the Sixth Form classroom.

The School now possesses a 16 mm. cinema projector. On Friday, February 11th, members of the Photographic and Radio Societies were entertained with films on "Distillation," "Petroleum," "The Diesel Engine," and "Lubrication." On Friday, March 4th, boys of the Lower Fourths saw films entitled "Transference of Heat" and "Smoke Menace."

New prefects this term are Brookes, Savage i. and Tarver.

This term the boys have changed over from Association football to Hockey. It is intended for the future to play football one term and hockey the other during the winter season.

Half-yearly examinations for the whole school took place from February 17th to 24th.

Half-term was Friday, February 25th, and the following Monday and Tuesday.

Our thanks to Dipple and Tarver, who have presented books to the fiction library.

The following received colours at the end of last term:—*Football*: Adkins, Holifield, Savage i., Blundell ii; *Hockey*: D. Bailey (for the second time), B. Jaques, A. Hemming, S. Goulbourne.

On Friday, March 4th, Miss Webley took a party of girls of Upper VA. on a visit to Queen Elizabeth Hospital, Birmingham.

On Monday, March 7th, a small party of pupils was able to attend a most interesting performance of "Faust," part I. (Goethe), given by the German department of Birmingham University at the Students' Union.

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### A PRIVATE STUDY PERIOD

In one corner of the room sit two members of the Sixth Form working hard at Latin or History; or perhaps it would be more correct to say "trying to work hard." For, on the other side of the room is the rest of the Form combining work with gossip and laughter.

Someone, busily reading, lights upon an amusing phrase, and, of course, everyone must share the fun. Inevitably hoots of laughter issue from all parts of the room. Even those who are working have to stop to laugh or giggle.

Then there is the punster. Oh, dear! shall we never get a rest from these endless puns? One moment all is quiet; the next, a subtle "crack" is heard from some part of the room and everyone groans.

Then a beseeching voice is heard from the far corner, "Can't you lot be quiet? We're trying to work." Of course, this request goes unheeded. Next a door slams. We all look up, only to discover that one of the "celebrated Sixth-formers" has gone out in order to find a quieter room.

The topics of conversation are many and varied, starting off, perhaps, with an incident which has occurred earlier in the day, and which usually involves a member of the staff. Then the conversation changes, and we find ourselves discussing perhaps the sports fixtures, and frequently arguments arise.

From this account we appear to do nothing else but laugh and chatter during a private study period. I can assure you this is not so. There are days when we all work conscientiously. But, of course, we must have a change sometimes!

CECILY HARTWELL (VI.).

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### AN AWKWARD RELATIVE

"In my young days——."

Do elderly relations ever let a day pass without saying that? Why can't they take their afternoon nap somewhere else?

"Please be quiet, I have such a headache."

A few minutes' quiet, and then: "Can't you do something quiet? Why don't you do some sewing?"

"In my young days——."

We're back where we started from. You can never get away from it, and it's useless to try.

What awkward things some relatives are!

MARY RAWBONE (Upp. IV.B.).

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### A HOSPITABLE TOUR

A very miserable wet morning preceded our visit to the Queen Elizabeth Hospital at Birmingham. A party of fourteen, with Miss Webley, set out on Friday, March 4th, and caught the 1.36 p.m. bus from Alcester. At King's Heath we caught a bus to the hospital, and arrived there about 3 o'clock. After we had waited a little while inside the building, the sister, who was to conduct our tour, arrived. She first took us to the board room. This is a large room, beautifully furnished, with a circular table which can be enlarged or reduced as needed, and paintings of the benefactors hang on the walls.

We then went to the casualty ward. A sister took us into the blood bank, a room where the different kinds of blood are kept for transfusions. The blood is stored in bottles in different departments of a large container. In another room all the equipment and dressings are kept.

After we had been along various corridors (there are seven miles of them), and up several floors in the lift, we arrived at an operating theatre. Here we met a staff nurse, who told us what various peculiar looking objects are used for, and how the lights are operated. We passed through the sterilizing room into the anæsthetic room, where the patients are taken before entering the theatre. We left the staff nurse and continued with the sister, to view the wards, and afterwards the chapel, which both nurses and patients attend. From this one could see the balconies, and get a good view of the hospital.

We passed along more corridors until we arrived at the babies' ward, and, at the sister's request, a nurse brought a nine-days-old baby for our inspection.

We then went down to the diet and ordinary kitchens, and saw how the food is packed in containers and sent to different wards.

Next the sister took us along the underground passage which connects the hospital with the nurses' quarters.

The nurses' common room is a large room, beautifully furnished and containing a grand piano. There is also a common room for the staff nurses and another for the sisters. The writing-room and library are similar to the common room, but divided by a partition, and at one end there is a stage. From the "peep behind the scenes" we gathered that preparation was being made by the nurses for a forthcoming production.

We ended our tour at the entrance to the nurses' quarters opposite to where we had started it. We left the sister, after thanking her for an instructive and enjoyable afternoon, and found that outside it had stopped raining, and made our way to the buses to return home.

JANET ARNOLD (Upp. V.A.).

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### AT THE SEASIDE

For a holiday at the seaside you have to queue for a train to go there, and then when you get there you go to your hotel, wait to get washed, wait for your meals, wait for a deck chair to go and sit on the sands, wait for ice-cream; in fact, you spend half your time waiting.

If you like boating, you have to go and take a place in a queue, and, by the time you have got to the front of the queue you have to go back to your hotel for lunch.

A picnic by a stream is far more enjoyable than eating sandwiches on a crowded beach with sand in your eyes and in your food.

KAY FIELDING (III.B.).

**THE DOGFISH.**

"Write an essay on the dogfish,"  
 We were told one dreaded day,  
 So to work with pen and ink I set  
 In spite of my dismay.  
 I wrote away with greatest speed  
 About its locomotion,  
 And then to feeding I did come;  
 This caused a great commotion.  
 I'm sad to say I did infer  
 The craziest of errors;  
 I wrote "The Dogfish eateth wood,"  
 Instead of "small sea fellows."  
 I was ragged about this blunder  
 When to others 'twas related.  
 Till I wished the blessed dogfish  
 Had never been created.

GERALDINE BARTLETT (Upp. Va.).

**HAPPY FAMILIES**

Happy families—what a beautiful picture immediately springs to one's mind. A pleasant room with father reading in his armchair, mother knitting by the fireside, and the children playing happily together. Outside it is dark, the wind is howling, and the rain is beating on the window, but the weather does not affect the pleasant scene inside; in fact, it seems to make the room look more cosy and comfortable. The perfect picture of a happy family.

However, the words "Happy Families" bring a very different picture to my mind. I see the same room and surroundings, but how different!

At first I see the quiet, contented family, but then I see two small children get out a pack of cards and start the game of "Happy Families," the ideal game for that family, one would say.

All is quiet for a few minutes, and then the trouble starts. The two children start quarrelling, words lead to blows, and soon both children are screaming and fighting. Father, who has begun to doze, is suddenly aroused, and, as is to be expected, is not pleased at this interruption. Mother, who has been looking forward to a restful afternoon, is given a headache by the noise, and the two older children, puzzling over a crossword, add their complaints to the general *melée*.

Thus an ideal family is transformed into a noisy, quarrelling one by the simple misnamed game of "Happy Families."

ANNE HEMMING (VI.).

**AN UNSUCCESSFUL EVENING**

One evening my sister was trying to do her homework, and mother was knitting and father reading the daily paper, when my brother and I declared that we wanted to listen to "Dick Barton" on the wireless and "Up the Pole," too. My sister put her foot down. "I have some homework to do if you have not." This started an argument, which lasted until mother sent us to bed in disgrace for making such a terrible noise. So we didn't get to listen to "Dick Barton" or "Up the Pole."

SHEILA TAYLOR (III.A.).

## OLLA PODRIDA

The Bunsen burner, according to M.B., was invented by Bunyan.

Simon was a saucer, writes our Lower Fifth Scripture expert.

"The Sceptical Chymist" is attributed by our junior chemists to Knox and to the Hon. Sir Boyle.

Light poles repel; unlight poles attract.

An obituary, writes B.S., is a marriage notice.

He was a well manured man and helped other people, says G.P.

The contents of the flask, D.B. writes, turned to a violent bluish-green.

In the eighteenth century, on the authority of a member of Lower Five B, the biscuit often had weasles in it.

A British thermal unit is the amount of heat needed to raise one pound of water one degree Fahrenheit without changing its temperature.

C.A.H. writes that imprisonment was only enforced in deserving cases in Charles I.'s reign.

Amorphous is like a small root and smokes when exposed to the air and lights.

Heredity, writes H.F., is a disease of the hair.

A bier is a person buying.

Shake up with dilute water.

An aviary is a place where bells ring.

C.W. writes of a "hoard of beas."

F.D.E. writes that the classrooms are out of bonds at break.

A tadpole stores up food to offend itself (D.S.).

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## BIRTHDAY CAKE

A girl was going to make a cake for her birthday. She sent to Ireland to some friends for the ingredients, and they sent a big parcel with the ingredients she had asked for. Also inside the parcel was a carved box with some white powder in. Next day they made the cake and put all that had been sent into it.

On her birthday everyone agreed how lovely the cake was. Two days later a letter came from Ireland hoping they had received the cake, and saying that inside the box was "Uncle Joe's Ashes," as he had always wanted to be buried in England.

DOREEN GREEN (Low. IV.B.).

**THE BOOKWORM.**

I must admit I make no hit  
 At needlework or sewing;  
 I do not sing of gardening;  
 And watching all things growing;  
 I never paint, nor snap, nor cook,  
 I love to read a thrilling book.

I love my books. Where'er one looks  
 The thrills of all the ages  
 Are to be found (trimmed, numbered, bound)  
 Within the magic pages.  
 Is there a favourite I can name?  
 I think I like them all the same.

DOREEN ETSSELL (Low. Va.).

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**RELATIONS.**

When Great Aunt Jane went to stay,  
 John always tried to slip away.  
 "My, how you've grown," she always said,  
 And placed her hand upon his head.

Aunt Jemima was just the same.  
 When things went wrong, "Oh, John is to blame."  
 At dinner-time she would always say,  
 "John have you washed your hands to-day?"

And when it came to Cousin Clare,  
 'Twas really more than he could bear.  
 "Wipe your shoes, boy!" "Shut the door!"  
 "Don't drop crumbs upon the floor!"

Cousin Ted was a terrible tease,  
 Whom John had always wished to seize!  
 Then he had the chance one day,  
 And Ted very quickly ran away.

John had several besides these four,  
 Aunt Lulu, Aunt Sophie and Cousins galore,  
 Who were so awkward when they went to stay  
 That he was glad when they went away.

FRANCES HIGHMAN (Upp. Va.).

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**A ST. JOHN'S CADET**

I find that being a St. John's Cadet is a very interesting and useful way of spending my free time. I have been a Cadet for over two years, and have passed my First Aid and Home Nursing examinations. I own a grey dress with white collar and cuffs, and headsquare for indoor uniform. For out-door wear I have a navy-blue raincoat, black beret, also black shoes and white ankle socks.

I attend race meetings, and am allowed to go on duty at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre with a nurse. We have classes every Wednesday and Friday nights, which I attend; also there are many parades and general inspections by the Commissioner of Warwickshire. Besides the learning side of the Brigade, we have socials and concerts, and always a Christmas party.

Personally, I think St. John's Ambulance is a grand order, of which I am proud to be a member.

PATRICIA HARRIS (Low. IV.A.).



#### **A CHEMISTRY TEST.**

On last Thursday morn, in the chemistry lab,  
You should have seen the test that we had,  
Seventy questions without any doubt,  
Which, upon my word, I knew nothing about.

When the test had been marked on the next Thursday morn  
The Master walked in with a frown and a scorn,  
He looked at the class, said the test was quite good;  
Out of the whole class there was only one dud.

J. YEOMANS (Low Vb.).

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#### **OXFORD EXAMINATIONS, 1948.**

In the examinations held in December the following candidates obtained certificates:—

##### **School Certificate.**

E. P. Bamford (2 credits); S. M. Goulbourne (2 credits); J. Kerby (5 credits); K. M. Roberts (6 credits).

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#### **PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY**

At the end of last term, Mr. Wright kindly gave us a lecture on the technique of enlarging. Two lantern lectures have been given to the Society by Kempster, with Evans and Drew working the epidiascope. The slides and script were lent by a photographic firm, and the second lecture on "Photography Serves Mankind" proved very interesting, and was much appreciated.

Photographs of the School teams were taken last term by Evans and Drew, processed by the latter during the holidays, and distributed at the beginning of this term.

The Society has at last obtained a small room available for part-time use as a dark room. It has already been blacked-out and fitted up electrically, and a stock of equipment is gradually being built up by loans and purchases.

C. J. E. K.

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#### **RADIO SOCIETY**

Meetings have been held in the Physics laboratory on Fridays, and lectures and demonstrations have been given. Practical work has been more to the fore this term, and a two-valve set has been built.

All radio enthusiasts are cordially welcomed.

P. GOWERS (Hon. Secy.).

## POSTAGE STAMP CLUB

Several new members have joined the Club this term, and great enthusiasm is shown at the Friday afternoon meetings. The opportunity afforded for the weekly exchange of duplicates is much appreciated, and collections are steadily growing. Members are encouraged to regard stamp-collecting as not merely the amassing of large numbers of stamps, but, in addition, the study of the stamps they possess, so as to learn what they have to tell about the countries from which they come.

Last term we made an appeal to old scholars to help the Club by sending us any foreign stamps for which they had no use. We have been much gratified by the response to this appeal, and wish to express our sincere thanks to W. Hunt, K. Wilson, A. Gwinnett, M. Bremner, W. Brand and S. Gregory, who have so kindly made us gifts for distribution. We are still wanting many more stamps, and shall be most grateful to old scholars who let us have any that they can spare.

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## MUSIC SOCIETY

On the afternoon of Wednesday, December 1st, thirty members of the Music Society, with Miss Griffith and Mr. Druller, visited the Memorial Theatre, Stratford, for a matinée performance given by the Metropolitan Ballet Company. The programme consisted of excerpts from "Swan Lake," "Prince Igor," and two modern works, and was thoroughly enjoyed by the whole party.

Last term the Society underwent a period of enforced inactivity, due to the absence of Perryman, our pianist, and the secretary, who were both engaged in school play rehearsals. Now, however, we have begun work in earnest. On the 11th of February a concert was given in the Art Room by a newly-formed and very successful girls' choir of forty voices, and by various soloists, to an audience of fifty pupils. I would like to compliment all who took part on the standard of singing and piano playing attained, and to thank the choir especially for the patience they exercised during rehearsals.

Every Wednesday dinner-hour from 1.25 till 1.45 a hymn practice, sponsored by the Society and open to everyone, is held in the Art Room. The hymns for the week are selected and sung, and care is taken to see that they are suitable for girls' and boys' voices. Our aim is to improve the standard of hymn singing in morning assembly. There must be something seriously wrong when not one of the boys in that assembly even attempts to sing such well-known hymns as "Praise My Soul the King of Heaven," while even the girls approach them half-heartedly; thus what should constitute an act of worship and praise is rendered farcical and insincere—surely this situation could be improved.

A. J. DALRYMPLE (Hon. Secy.).

## SCOUTS

This term we have finally settled down, and the Troop has reached a higher grade of efficiency on the whole. Very few Scouts have not obtained their Tenderfoot, and several more have gained their Second Class. We have obtained some equipment and space in which to keep it. The Field Commissioner has paid us two visits. In the first he gave us a talk on elementary first aid, and in the second he showed us the process of investiture.

We have made progress in many aspects of Scouting, notably semaphore. It has become possible, with the help of the teachers, to gain many of the proficiency badges. The nucleus of a Scout library has been formed, which we hope later to incorporate with the general school library.

This summer we hope to go camping, but so many Scouts wish to come that we shall probably have to limit the number to those who have gained their second class. In preparation for this we shall practice cooking as soon as the weather permits. The pioneer work which we have already learnt will also stand us in good stead.

During this term we have formed a new patrol. At the time of writing, however, the new patrol leader had not been decided on. Hill has become patrol leader of the Falcons. Inter-patrol competition has continued at the same high level which it reached last term, when the Kingfisher and Panther patrols were leading with 38 points. At the time of writing the Owls are leading with 47 points.

A. G. BLUNDELL (Troop Leader).

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## HOCKEY (BOYS)

Captain : Holifield; Vice-Captain : Evans; Secretary : Adkins.

This term, for the first time in the history of the school, the boys have adopted hockey as their principal sport. Readers who with us deplore the over-popularity of modern commercialised Association football, and the threat to school team spirit vested in the false glamour of League competition, will applaud the wisdom of this change.

Early in the term players of promise were singled out from their form games, and their skill tested in practice matches. An XI. was finally selected, but, before it could take the field, bad weather and illness forced us to postpone several fixtures. Unfortunately, both matches arranged with Bromsgrove School 2nd XI. have had to be cancelled.

The result of the match versus Hanley Castle may, if taken at face value, appear rather discouraging. We, however, prefer to take just the opposite view, and to regard it as a highly satisfactory result for the experience gained. Credit must, undoubtedly, be given to the fast, skilful Hanley XI., but equal credit must also go to the School XI., who,

until the final whistle, fought valiantly against heavy odds and revealed much promise for the future.

In this, our first season, we cannot expect to prove a match for more experienced opponents. Before the end of term we hope to play Evesham P.H.G.S., Stratford H.C., and the Redditch H.C. With diligent practice and more experience, we hope soon to achieve a greater measure of success.

The following represented the School in the match v. Hanley Castle :—

Bamford; Drew, Evans; Fielding, Holifield, Buckley; Tarver, Hadwen, Brookes, Turner, Adkins.

J. H.

#### RESULTS:

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Hanley Castle G.S. (home), lost 0-10.  
 " v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 0-6.  
 " v. Hanley Castle G.S. (away), lost 3-7.  
 2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), lost 1-3.  
 " v. Hanley Castle G.S. (away), lost 2-6.

#### SIDES:

Jackals beat Tomtits, 4-0; Brownies beat Tomtits, 4-2; Jackals beat Brownies, 1-0.

### HOCKEY (GIRLS).

Captain : D. Bailey; Vice-Captain : B. Jaques; Secretary : A. Hemming.

This term there has been a more definite improvement in the teams, especially in the 1st XI. Owing to the fact that two members of the first eleven have left, two inclusions were necessary. The lunch hour practices have been continued as usual, and much more experience and confidence has been achieved. Unfortunately the match against Worcester had to be cancelled again because of frost. However, the results on the whole have proved more satisfactory. Influenza affected the teams, and only a scratch team played Stratford Youth Club, but a decisive victory was gained. A very keen game was played against Ragley Ladies also. Sides matches are being arranged for the end of term. The following girls have represented the School :—

1st XI. : A. Hemming, Josephine Holder, Janet Holder, J. Archer, D. Spencer, N. Wilkinson, R. Varney, A. Perkins, J. Smart. B. Jaques, D. Bailey.

2nd XI. : J. Finnemore, S. Spencer, A. Miles, A. Rutter, P. Aspinwall, V. Jaques, A. Chavasse, B. Bryan, B. Heighway, B. Houghton, D. Palmer.

#### RESULTS:

A.G.S. 1st XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), won 9-2.  
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), won 3-2.  
 " v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost 2-4.  
 " v. Ragley Ladies (away), won 2-1.  
 " v. Stratford Youth Club (away), won 5-0.  
 " v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), lost 2-4.  
 " v. Ragley Ladies (home), lost 0-8.  
 2nd XI. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (away), lost 0-1.  
 " v. Bromsgrove C.H.S. (away), won 4-1.  
 " v. Redditch C.H.S. (home), lost 2-4.  
 " v. Chipping Campden G.S. (home), drawn 6-6.

#### SIDES MATCHES:

Tomtits 7, Jackals, 4; Tomtits 4, Brownies 2; Jackals 6, Brownies 1; Tomtits 0, Jackals and Brownies (combined), 6.

D. L. B.

## NETBALL

Captain : Barbara Heighway; Vice-Captain : Janet Holder.

Unfortunately we were unable to obtain any netball fixtures during the first half of this term, because of the numerous hockey fixtures. However, we have two fixtures for the second half of the term, with Chipping Campden Grammar School and Prince Henry's Grammar School at Evesham, and hope to have satisfactory results.

Although there have been many changes in the two teams, we hope to provide a strong opposition, and both teams are practising hard during the dinner hour on Tuesdays and Wednesdays.

The two teams at present are :—

1st VII. : Janet Holder, Margaret Southwick, Valerie Jaques, Barbara Heighway, Barbara Jaques, Daphne Bailey, Josephine Holder.

2nd VII. : Anne Chavasse, Janet Smart, Diena Browne, Betty Houghton, Sheila Spencer, Norma Wilkinson, Anne Miles.

### RESULTS:

A.G.S. "A" 1st VII. v. Evesham P.H.G.S. (home), won 24-7.  
v. Chipping Campden "A" (home), lost 5-13.

B. M. H.

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